

THE SILENT WORLD.

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T. H. GALLAUDET, LL. D.

TWO OF THE GALLAUDETS.

ONE at least of the portraits which we present to our readers this week is, or ought to be, familiar to most of them. The Rev. T. H. Gallaudet is well known as the founder of the American system of instructing the deaf and dumb, which, without doubt, has done a great and noble work in our country, whatever else may be said about it. The debt deaf-mutes owe to him is incalculable, and we doubt not our friends will be pleased to secure this picture.

The other is a portrait of the youngest son of the above, Mr. E. M. Gallaudet, whose name is also familiar to most deaf-mutes in the land as the founder and president of the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C. He is still quite young, being only about 35 years of age, but he ranks high in the profession of deaf-mute instruction for the energy and ability with which he has carried forward his life-work.

He commenced teaching in the American Asylum at quite an early age, and was called to superintend the Washington school when only nineteen years old. It was not long after his installation over this Institution that he conceived a plan for carrying out the idea of establishing a college for deaf-mute young men which he had derived from his father at an early age. Every one is acquainted with the success that has crowned his efforts, but no one more than he knows how much remains to be done in order to bring the Institution up to his ideal of a college for deaf-mutes.

President Gallaudet is now spending some fifteen months in Europe, re-establishing his health, which has been slightly impaired by his arduous labors in connection with his office. It is this fact which gives us courage to present his portrait to our readers, as we know there is a wide-spread desire among them to see the man who bids fair to rival the memory of his illustrious father in the affections of our class for his labors in their behalf.



E. M. GALLAUDET, LL. D.

FRANK MERRILL, of Durham, Maine, a deaf-mute, at work in Lewiston, walked 26 miles for the privilege of voting at the last Presidential election.

MARCUS H. KERR, the deaf-mute artist, who went to Europe to study art last October, has returned to this country, fully convinced, says *The Journal*, that the United States furnish the best facilities for the study of art.

THE board of trustees and officers of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes held their annual meeting on the 28th of October, at No. 642 Seventh avenue. The officers of the past year were re-elected. The reports showed the number of members to be 400, and the number of pupils 67. They also showed that the applications for instruction were beyond the present power of the Institution to accommodate, and recommended an application to the next legislature for the means necessary for the erection of a suitable Institute building.—*New York Times*.

A YOUNG friend from Japan tells the following, said to be veritable fact: "A Japanese gentleman at the *table d'hôte* at one of the hotels in Paris, being unacquainted with French, pointed with his finger to a dish on the bill of fare brought to him. Garçon immediately brings soup. Having partaken, his plate was removed, and using the same means of communication, to his surprise a second soup appeared, then a third, and afterwards a fourth. Desiring meat, he looked over the printed list, and in despair pointed to something near the bottom of the page. Waiter complacently brings him a cup of tea! With the proverbial amiability of his race, he makes no trouble, but endeavors again to obtain food. To his utter dismay, in obeying the dictates of his finger, the waiter brings him a bunch of toothpicks! A bunch of toothpicks for a poor hungry man who had dined on soup and tea! What sarcasm, what vexation!"

MOU-MOU.

[Concluded.]

Garassim turned, saw lights and shadows in the windows, suspected something wrong, took Mou-mou under his arm, ran to his room, and locked himself in. Soon five of the men tried to break in, but they felt the resistance of the bolt, and stopped. Gavriilo came, all out of breath from running, and bade the men remain there and keep guard till morning; he himself ran to the servants' hall, and commissioned the oldest of the companions, Liubov Liubimovna, with whom he used to steal and hide tea, sugar, and the like, to tell her ladyship from him that the dog had most unfortunately returned, but that on the next day it would be longer alive, and that he begged her ladyship not to be offended, but to try to get some sleep. Her ladyship, however, would not have been so soon appeased if the doctor in his haste had not poured out fully forty drops instead of twelve. The generous dose had its effect, and in a quarter of an hour she was fast asleep. But Garassim sat in his room deathly pale, and holding Mou-mou's mouth tightly closed.

The next day her ladyship awoke rather late. Gavriilo awaited her awakening with some impatience, in order to get the formal order to take Garassim's hiding-place by storm, yet he prepared himself for a violent scene. But there was no scene. While still lying abed her ladyship summoned the oldest of her companions. "Liubov Liubimovna," she began, with a light, weak voice—at times she liked to play the downtrodden, deserted martyr, when, we may be sure, all in the house were frightened enough—"Liubov Liubimovna, you see what a state I am in; go, my dear, to Gavriilo, and ask him if it is right that a wretched dog should be of more value to him than the peace, or rather the life, of his mistress? I cannot believe it," she continued, with an expression of deep feeling. "Go dear—be kind enough to go to Gavriilo."

Liubov Liubimovna went to Gavriilo's room. What their conversation was is unknown, but soon after a crowd of people passed through the court-yard to Garassim's room. At the head went Gavriilo, holding on his hat with his hand, although it was not windy; near him went the waiters and cooks; Uncle Strunk looked out of a window and guided the whole—that is to say, he made signs to them with his hands; the tail of the procession was formed by a crowd of noisy children, half of whom had run in from the street. On the narrow staircase which led to the room a watchman was sitting; at the door were two others, with sticks. They all ascended the staircase, filling it completely. Gavriilo marched up to the door, struck it with his fist, and said, "Open!" A muffled bark was heard, but there was no answer. "You must open the door," he repeated.

"But, Gavriilo," said Stephan from below, "he is deaf—he can't hear."

They all laughed.

"But what shall we do?" answered Gavriilo, from above.

"There's a hole in the door," replied Stephan. "Put your stick through it."

Gavriilo stooped down. "He has stopped it up with a coat."

"Well, push the coat in."

Again a muffled bark was heard.

"Do you hear? do you hear? He is betraying himself," said some one in the crowd, and they all laughed again."

Gavriilo scratched his head. "No, my friend," he continued, "you can shove in the coat yourself if you like it."

"Why not? I'll do it." And thereupon Stephan clambered up, seized the stick, pushed the coat through, and began to brandish the stick about in the opening, shouting at the same time, "Come out! come out!" While he was still engaged

in this the door of the room was suddenly opened; the whole pack plunged head over heels down the stairs, Gavriilo first; Uncle Strunk shut the window.

"Steady, take care—I warn you!"

Garassim stood motionless upon the threshold. At the foot of the staircase a large crowd had assembled. Garassim looked down at all of them in their citizen's dresses; his hands were placed carelessly against his sides. In his red peasant shirt he appeared like a giant in comparison with the rest. Gavriilo made a step forward. "Now, mind!" he said. "Don't make any disturbance." And he began to explain by signs that her ladyship demanded the dog; "Give him up at once, or you'll get into trouble."

Garassim looked at him, pointed to the dog, made a motion with his hand as if he were fastening a rope about his neck, and looked inquiringly at the major-domo.

"Yes, yes," the latter answered, nodding his head—"yes, exactly."

Garassim's eyes sank; then he suddenly shook himself, pointed again at Mou-mou, who meanwhile was standing near him wagging her tail and lifting her ears, repeated the gesture of strangling and beat his breast significantly, as if he wanted to lament that he must himself accomplish Mou-mou's death.

"You will deceive me," Gavriilo replied by signs.

Garassim looked at him with a contemptuous smile, beat his breast again, and closed the door.

All looked at one another in silence.

"What does that mean?" said Gavriilo. "He has locked himself in."

"Let him alone, Gavriilo," said Stephan; "he will do what he has promised. He is that sort of a man; when he promises anything it is certain. He's not one of us. What is true is true—yes, indeed."

"Yes, indeed," they all repeated, nodding their heads; "that is true."

Uncle Strunk opened the window again and said, "Yes, yes."

"Well, for all I care, we shall see," replied Gavriilo; "but the watch must remain here. Hi, you, Jeroschka!" he added, turning to a pale fellow in a short, yellow nankeen coat, a so-called gardener—"you haven't anything to do. Take this stick and sit down there; as soon as you notice anything, come and tell me."

Jeroschka took the stick and seated himself on the lowest step of the staircase. The crowd dispersed, with the exception of a few inquisitive ones and the boys. Gavriilo went back to the house, and sent word by Liubov Liubimovna to her ladyship that everything was arranged, but he sent a postillion after a policeman, that he might be ready against any emergency. Her ladyship tied a knot in her handkerchief, poured eau-de-cologne upon it, smelt it, rubbed it upon her temples, drank two or three cups of tea, and fell asleep again, being still under the influence of the cherry-drops.

An hour after the tumult, the door of Garassim's room opened and he came out. He had on his Sunday caftan, and led Mou-mou by a string. Jeroschka stepped aside and let him pass. Garassim went toward the gate. The children who were in the court-yard followed him with their eyes. He did not turn round, and only put on his cap after reaching the street. Gavriilo sent Jeroschka to watch him. He saw him enter a tavern, and waited till he came out.

The people in the tavern knew Garassim and understood his gestures. He ordered cabbage-soup and meat, and took a seat at the table. Mou-mou stood near his chair, and looked at him with her intelligent eyes. Her hair was very shiny, a sign that she had been lately combed. The waiter brought Garassim his soup. He broke his bread into it, cut the meat into little pieces, and set the plate on the floor. Mou-mou ate it

with her usual neatness, scarcely touching the food with her nose. Garassim watched her for some time; two bitter tears suddenly fell from his eyes—one on the dog's head, the other into the soup. He had covered his face with his hand. Mou-mou ate half of the food, and stepped to one side, licking herself. Garassim arose, paid for what had been consumed, and went out, followed by the glances of the somewhat offended waiter. When Jeroschka saw Garassim come out, he sprang behind a corner, let him pass by, and then followed him. Garassim went on farther, without hurrying himself, leading Mou-mou by the string. Having reached the corner of the street, he remained a moment undecided, and then went rapidly toward the Crimean bridge. On his way he went into the courtyard of a house that was building, and procured two bricks, which he placed under his arm. From the Crimean bridge he went along the shore to a place where two boats lay moored to a stake, (he had previously noticed them,) and sprang with Mou-mou into one of them. An old, lame man came out of a wooden hovel, which stood at the corner of a vegetable garden, and cried out after him, but Garassim only nodded to him, and pulled so steadily through the water that, although he was heading against the stream, he was soon five hundred feet away. The old man stood looking at him, then rubbed his back first with his left, then with his right hand, and returned to his hovel.

Garassim rowed on still farther. He was already outside of Moscow, and now along the shores appeared meadows, gardens, fields, woods, and peasants' houses. The country air breathed upon him. He drew in the oars, stooped down to Mou-mou, who was sitting before him on a dry thwart, (the bottom of the boat was wet,) and remained motionless, with his strong arms crossed over the dog's back, while the current was carrying the boat back toward the city. At last he arose, and hastily, with an expression of bitter suffering, tied the bricks to the string, made a noose, placed it round Mou-mou's neck, held the dog over the water, and gazed into its eyes for the last time. Mou-mou looked at him confidently and without fear, gently wagging her tail. He turned away, closed his eyes, and opened his hands. Garassim had heard nothing—neither the sudden cry of Mou-mou as she fell, nor the loud splash of the water; for him the noisiest day was as silent as the quietest night is for us; and when he opened his eyes again the little waves still chased one another over the surface of the river and beat against the sides of the boat, and only in the distance behind him ran the widening circles toward the shore.

As soon as Jeroschka had lost sight of Garassim, he went back home and gave information of everything that he had seen.

"Well," said Stephan, "he must have drowned her. One can be sure that if he promises anything——"

During the rest of that day no one saw Garassim. He did not eat at home. Evening came; they all went to supper—he alone was absent.

"A curious man, that Garassim," said a fat, harsh-voiced washerwoman; "how can a man make such a fuss about a dog? It's strange, upon my word!"

"Garassim has been here," cried Stephan, suddenly breaking his boiled groats with his spoon.

"What! When?"

"About two hours ago. Yes, indeed. He met me at the gate; he was coming out of the court-yard. I wanted to ask him about the dog, but he did not seem to be in a good humor. He pushed into me—probably he only meant to shove me a little to one side—as much as to say, 'Leave me alone,' but the thump he gave me, right in the small of my back, too, was a good hard one," and with an involuntary grimace Stephan leaned over and rubbed his back. "Yes," he added, "he has a stout hand, that must be said."

All laughed at him, and went to bed after their supper.

Meanwhile, at this very hour, a tall peasant was walking rapidly, with a bundle on his back and a long stick in his hand, along the highway toward T——. It was Garassim. He was hastening, without looking back, to his home, to his village. After he had drowned Mou-mou, he went for a moment to his room, wrapped up a few of his things in an old horse-blanket, threw the bundle over his shoulder, and disappeared. He had closely observed the road when he was brought to Moscow; the village from which he had come was only about five or six miles from the highway. He strode along with a fierce energy, in a state of calm, desperate determination. His breast was bare, his look full of expectation and fixed upon the distance.

He hastened as if his mother were awaiting him, were calling to him so far away, so long unheard from.

The night was still and warm. On one side, toward the west, the sky was still lit and tinged with the faint red of the departing day; on the other already appeared the dim gray of dawn. The night wore on. Hundreds of watch-dogs were barking in every direction. Garassim could not hear them, nor yet the low nocturnal murmuring of the trees past which his stout legs were carrying him, but he perceived the familiar odor of the ripening rye which swept toward him from the dark fields; he felt the breeze fanning his face, playing with his hair and beard, reminding him of home; he saw the road—the road home—straight as an arrow, like a white line before him; he saw the countless stars shining down upon his path, and stepped on as boldly as a lion, so that by sunrise Moscow lay already some twenty miles behind this stout walker.

Two days after this he was at home in his hut, to the great surprise of a soldier's wife, who had been placed in possession of it. After he had offered a prayer before the images of the saints, he went to the overseer. The latter was at first somewhat surprised to see him, but haying had just begun; they put a scythe in his hand at once, and he began mowing again in his old fashion—a mowing that it frightened the peasants to see, such was the swing of his scythe.

Meanwhile he had been missed in Moscow on the very day after his flight. They had gone into his room, turned everything over, and given information to Gavrilo. He came, looked at everything, shrugged his shoulders, and said the mute had either run away or drowned himself with his dog. Notice was given to the police, and her ladyship was told. She became angry, lamented, ordered him to be brought back at any price, vowed that she had never ordered the dog to be killed, and finally gave Gavrilo such a scolding that he shook his head all day and said nothing but "Hum! hum!" until Uncle Strunk brought him to his senses by a significant "We—ll." Finally, the news reached them of Garassim's return to the village, and her ladyship was somewhat consoled; at first she wanted to command that he be brought back to Moscow without delay, but she afterward declared that she wanted to have nothing more to do with such an ungrateful man. Moreover, she died soon after, and the heirs not only did not trouble themselves about Garassim, but they also set free the rest of the servants of their venerable mother in favor of the crown.

Garassim still lives in his lonely hut; he is as strong and healthy as ever, still does the work of four, is still calm and serious. But the neighbors have noticed that since his return from Moscow he has avoided women—in fact, that he never so much as looks at a girl, and that he does not keep any dog. "It's lucky for him," say the peasants, "that he doesn't need a wife; and as for a dog, what does he want with a dog? No thief would dare to break into his house." Such is the fear of the mute's great strength!

AN Illinois man is trying to improve the census.

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WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 15, 1872.

THE Boston Library and Lyceum Association now has seventy-five members, and the number is increasing.

THE Massachusetts law-makers are not fully satisfied that deaf-mutes are better than idiots, (See J. R. B.'s letter.) Who wonders at it when the Boston muddle is taken into consideration.

OUR arrangements for the New Year are not fully completed and we cannot announce them in this number, but our friends may rest assured that we will do all that lies in our power to improve the paper in every way.

WE wish you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS, kind friends. To those who have stood by us during the past year in our endeavors to make a good paper for the deaf and dumb, we would return the warmest thanks. We have had moments of discouragement in our struggle to carry forward THE SILENT WORLD, but as often as we have been cast down kind and sympathetic words have come to us from some distant friend with healing in their wings, and we have again taken up our burden, cheered and made hopeful for the future.

THIS NUMBER ends the second volume of the paper, and we commence the New Year a little the wiser, we hope, for our past experience, and, if with more modest expectations, still with a strong and steadfast faith in the ultimate success of our efforts. We but follow in the footsteps of our friend of *The Advance*, in quoting the saying that "confidence is a plant of slow growth," but we have had pretty strong evidence during the last few months that it is growing steadily and healthily in our garden, and will ere long come out in full blossom.

MR. A. GRAHAM BELL has established a school at 35 West Newton street, Boston, Mass., "for the study of vocal physiology, for the correction of stammering and other defects of utterance, and for practical instruction in visible speech." He undertakes the instruction of deaf-mutes in articulation, and also carries on the general education of very young pupils during the period they are undergoing teaching in vocal utterance. We are obliged for the pamphlets sent us, one of which gives an article from *Old and New* on the "Nature and uses of Visible Speech." This we have found to give a very succinct and interesting account of the system.

LATELY we took occasion to show the associate editor of *The Journal* that, by his own confession, he was once unjust in his criticism of THE SILENT WORLD, and we now wish to commend the good-nature he exhibits in thus joining in the joke against himself: "Speaking of the gored ox, we are reminded that Pat once saw *bovis* feeding in a field, and thought what fun it would be to go in and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so very funny that he sat down and laughed heartily over it. Then he jumped over the fence. *Bovis* quickly tossed him back again. As he lay soiled and torn in the mud, he thus philosophized: 'O! what luck that I had my laugh first.'"

AN English gentleman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ackers, who have a deaf and dumb daughter, paid the Institution in this city several visits lately. They are now making an extensive tour of America and Europe for the purpose of examining all the principal schools for deaf-mutes, to decide by what system they shall educate their daughter. At present they rather incline to favor the articulation method, although they will not decide without a full and impartial scrutiny and a painstaking weighing of each system. Mr. Ackers seems to be a very intelligent gentleman, and whatever his decision may be it would seem to us to be one of great value, as tending to throw light upon the many disputed theories now racking the minds of educators of deaf-mutes in this country. We hope his decision and the reasons therefor will be given to the world when it is made.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM A FRIEND.

PHILADELPHIA, 11th mo. 28, 1872.

To the Editors of *The Silent World*:

RESPECTED FRIENDS: I SAW THE SILENT WORLD in cell 6,609, Eastern Penitentiary, and I admired it. I visit, as one of our Prison Society, the inmate of that cell. I am instructing him as best I can, from seeing "Whipple's Plan," in talking.

I hope you exchange with Zerah C. Whipple, Mystic, Conn.

With best wishes, your friend, ALFRED H. LOVE,
President Universal Peace Union.

[Yes, we exchange with *The Voice of Peace*.—Ed.]

NEW YEAR'S LEVEE AT BOSTON.

WE learn that the beautiful Horticultural Hall in Boston has been secured for a New-Year's levee and general gathering of deaf-mutes on a similar plan to those heretofore held. It will be under the auspices of the Boston Deaf and Dumb Library and Lyceum Association, and will afford a fine opportunity for the renewal of social ties.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes is especially invited, and it is intended to discuss the question of the Clerc Memorial project, and to ratify the constitution of the National Clerc Memorial Union, and also to cast votes for the president of that society. It is also intended to see what further action deaf-mutes will take toward pushing forward the work to completion. It is desirable that more money should be raised at once, and it is proposed to consider at this levee whether it is necessary to form a Clerc Memorial Association independent of the New England Gallaudet Association, or to have the work still carried on under the auspices of that association.

A full attendance of deaf-mutes from all sections is desired. After the business affairs are settled, the evening will be devoted to a supper of Boston goodies; this to be followed by social entertainments of various kinds.

The hall will remain open all night for those who like to while away a few hours in dancing and with music, if any can be found appropriate to the occasion. A competent committee will have charge of the matter, and all who attend will doubtless enjoy themselves greatly.

"HUB."

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

To the Editors of *The Silent World*:

YOUR correspondent J. R. B., as I see by your last number, condemns the marriage of deaf-mutes in certain cases where the deafness of both parties is hereditary. I would like to

state some facts bearing on this point, drawn from my personal knowledge.

Mr. J. B. Foster, of South Coventry, Conn., is one of three deaf-mute children of partially deaf parents, who, by his first wife, had one child who could hear and speak. This wife had a brother and a sister both like herself, deaf and dumb from birth. His second wife has been deaf and dumb from birth, and has a sister and a brother and a lady cousin all congenitally deaf. She has borne him six children, all of whom can hear and speak.

The lady cousin of Mrs. Foster married a deaf-mute, and after her death he married a second deaf-mute wife, who bore him four children with all their senses perfect. This second wife is one of a family of four deaf-mute children, none of whose offspring are deaf and dumb.

Mr. Foster's two deaf sisters married deaf-mutes, and the children of one can hear and speak. Of the other the writer has no knowledge.

Here is a case of most reckless intermarriage of congenital deaf-mutes, and yet J. R. B.'s penalty does not seem to follow in a single instance. He may be correct in his theory, but if so here is a curious exception to the general rule. "When doctors disagree who shall be the judge?"

THE GRANITE.

NOTTINGHAM, MASS., Nov. 28, 1872.

FORWARD, NOT BACKWARD.

"Look not mournfully on the past; it cometh not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

Such is the inscription upon a tombstone in a church-yard of a German town. There is not much of Christian teaching in it, but there is much philosophy, which all will do well to heed. He who penned these lines wrote wisely.

There are those who are always regretting the past, recalling its errors, living over its sorrows, and wondering whether its decisions were wise or not. This is a foolish expenditure of time and thought. It is wiser to take counsel of the German, and "look not mournfully on the past," but profiting by its mistakes, let us improve the present, for *this is ours*; ours to use for good or ill; ours in which to garner up treasures of wisdom; ours to influence wisely or otherwise our associates; ours to prepare for the future of this world and the future of eternity.

Let us, therefore, "go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart." The future is indeed shadowy, uncertain, unknown. But he who is strong in Christ's strength surely can go forth to meet its uncertainties, its trials, its temptations, "without fear," confident of success.

It is well to remember that much of the unhappiness of life is caused by disregard of these maxims. The boy loses his ball, and he is sullen and cross. The man is unfortunate in a speculation, and he broods over his disappointment, forgets his present blessings, neglects present duties, and makes himself and all near him uncomfortable by his regretful moanings.

"I never fret," said a friend; "the evils or mistakes that I *can* remedy, I remedy; what I *cannot*, I forget as soon as possible." The words of the inspired lawyer of Tarsus coincide with this sentiment: "Forgetting those things which are behind, I press toward the mark."

Christians sometimes seem to think their duty lies chiefly in mournfully surveying the years gone by. They become sad, depressed, gloomy; for who is there who does not find errors in retrospect? Introspection has advantages, and it has perils. We should learn by it our faults, our tendencies, our dangers, so that we can correct faults, counteract wrong inclinations, and be prepared for whatever pitfalls await us. Then casting

our burden on our Saviour, we should press forward in duty, cheerfully, earnestly.

"Press toward the mark!" Is our mark a lofty one? Does it require a struggle to reach it? A clergyman now living once said: "I determined in my freshman year to make the most and very best of myself I could." He did so, and to-day reaps the reward in the power he wields over every audience he addresses.

But we must remember, if we wish this power, the words of the poet, Longfellow:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling onward in the night."

*

COLLEGE RECORD.

THE REASON WHY.

IN the last number of THE SILENT WORLD there was an item stating that the students had held a meeting and subscribed the sum of \$265.50 toward purchasing an outfit for a printing office, to be located at the College.

Since then it has been asked why and wherefore it is sought to fit up such an office? and some have expressed the opinion that it might perhaps interfere with the singleness of application to study, which is the chief object of a student-life. To such we wish to present a few undeniable facts:

The students, as a general thing, are poor. Many of them have no one but themselves to depend upon while at College, and they are without a cent in the world to carry them through. As a consequence, they are continually worried as to ways and means to purchase clothing for their backs and shoes for their feet, not to speak of the thousand other necessities of such a life. Their thoughts are continually running on their thread-bare clothes, and much of their time is wasted in seeking employment to supply themselves with ready money, and in "darning" articles of wearing apparel that have nearly seen their last shift. They are almost always laboring under the sense of discouragement born of such a condition of things, and feel little inclination to devote themselves to their books, while they are continually hovering on the verge of throwing up the struggle for an education and leaving college. Some have left, and we can easily recall several good scholars that the College has thus lost. Those that remain are sooner or later driven to indulge in the dangerous habit of borrowing, which is the only alternative left them, and that is a habit which once formed, may be the curse of their after life.

We have gone through all this ourselves. We have neglected our studies, and tramped the streets of the city for many a weary hour in search of a little job by which we could turn an honest penny. We have pawned our overcoat; we have sold to second-hand dealers all our books, including our beloved dictionary, and only excepting the Sacred Volume and those used in daily recitations. We have darned until the original fabric has well nigh disappeared, and until we had no thread and needles left. Indeed, it was one of the regular duties of the routine college day to inspect our meagre apparel in the morning before we got into it, and see that no vital part had given way, and to apply a needful stitch here and there, and thereby save the proverbial nine. And when we had not a cent wherewith to buy another darning needle; when the knees of our pants were getting disagreeably thin, with what a heavy heart have we come to the conclusion that it must all end. Then, feeling like a member of the chain-gang who has ten-pound weights attached to his heels, we have wended our way to the President's rooms, and there, putting

our best foot foremost, and covering the thinnest knee with its mate, we have told our tale, adding thereunto that we must leave college. Here we will draw a veil over the harrowing scene, adding simply that we were finally persuaded not to go just then by having the sin of borrowing softened in our eyes to a justifiable appropriation of our neighbor's property to secure our own ends; and that, upon reaching this point, the cash was forthcoming with extraordinary celerity, owing to the terrible effect with which we uncovered our blushing knee-pan.

Some may think that students ought to earn enough for their needs during the summer vacation; and we believe they might if they had something to put their hands to immediately upon the end of the term. As it is the best part of the summer is spent in obtaining something to do. We tried it every vacation, and one summer we were fortunate enough to secure a place as a compositor on a morning paper, about the middle of August. We went to work by the piece, and worked all night at a furious pace to make up for lost time. As a consequence, what with hard work and little sleep, we returned to College completely fagged out and in no condition for study; and it was several weeks before we could call up energy enough to give our studies their due attention, and by that time we were so much in the rear that, with our discouragements, we scarcely caught up the whole term through. Another summer we secured a place as a farm hand, when the vacation was three-fourths gone, and the unaccustomed hard work had the same effect. We are convinced from observation that this is the experience of fully one-half of the students. A printing office established here would obviate the necessity for such injurious practices, and enable the students to devote some part of the vacations to recreation and to preparation for the following term. How many of them now give a single hour during the summer to the preliminary study in French and German, which the Professor requires of all who are to undertake the acquirement of those languages during the succeeding term? And what prevents them but the constant worry for work, work, work, or the fatigue the unaccustomed labor engenders when that is obtained?

We have not exaggerated in a single particular, and we ask if a printing office established at the College, in which the students can earn enough for necessary expenses, would not do away with all this worry and discouragement, and thereby indirectly contribute to a better average of scholarship. Cornell University has a well appointed office conducted by its students, and we have yet to hear that it interferes with their studies, or any way detracts from their efficiency.

We believe also that a printing office would have the effect to attract to the college many young men who would be an honor to it. Such are graduating every year at many of our institutions, and are offered situations as teachers with a small salary by the principals of their schools. They generally accept, although they have an ardent desire to undertake the college course, but having been warned they dare not risk the struggle with nothing to rely upon; and who can blame them? Give them the assurance that they will have something to do by which they can earn enough to supply their necessities and they will gladly give up the brightest prospects and come here to further discipline their minds and more thoroughly prepare themselves for their life-work.

THE horses are entirely well.

ALLMINAX Kalkulashun a la Josh Billings: Now begin "to dig."

SOME of the students intend to go home during the holidays, but the greater number will remain.

THE Christmas examinations will come off this year on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, the 20th, 21st, and 23d.

DR. CHICKERING and lady, parents of the Professor, have returned to Washington, to spend the winter with their son.

THE paving of H street with wood has progressed our way as far as the intersection with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

MR. ROBERT BRANCH, at one time a member of the Preparatory Class, is now in Nashville, Tennessee, filling the position of a clerk in the chancery court in that place.

RUMOR hath it that the reason why the students are so strongly in favor of establishing a printing office in the College is that they may set up their own examination papers.

IT is understood that Messrs. Park and Powell, of '75, have received invitations to deliver addresses before the Clinonia Society of the Ohio Institution during their visit to Columbus in Christmas vacation.

GILES NOKES proposes to hang out his sign and erect his pole in some hall in the city, and there to shave the public for the benefit of the library of the Lit. His appointments in the razor line are sufficient for a much larger town than this, and for any quantity or quality of bristles.

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Reading Club, held on the 7th, the following officers for the ensuing term were elected: *President*, D. H. Carroll; *Vice-President*, J. H. Knoedler; *Secretary*, A. C. Powell; *Treasurer*, D. W. Carey; *Librarians*, E. Myers, W. W. Payne.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE of the boys of the Iowa Institution had his wrist broken by the caving in of an excavation near the Institution, not long since. By a coincidence his father's leg was broken about the same time.

THE Hon. J. Durham, president of the board of directors of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was elected a member of the Forty-third Congress at the November election. So deaf-mutes will have one more devoted friend in Congress.

THERE are 100 pupils in the Tennessee school. One lady teacher left at the close of last term. Another teacher, Mr. Pope, resigned to enter the National Deaf-Mute College, and his position is temporarily filled by his brother, Jesse, who also intends to enter the College next fall.

THE "epizootic" has finally attacked the horses of the Ohio Institution. The necessity of transportation has been met in the bookbinder by the organization of a strong team of boys. Two dozen boys draw a load of books to the State House, and return with another of printed sheets, making good time and having any amount of fun.

ALABAMA.

OUR school opened with 47 pupils in attendance, and more are expected. We may have 50 or 60 before Christmas.

The officers have been changed somewhat. Mrs. Johnson, the matron, has been elected teacher of the advanced class. Mrs. O'Mera, of Mobile, succeeds her as matron. Mrs. Emma Groom has been appointed an assistant matron.

A little deaf-mute boy was killed by being kicked by a mule in Greenville, in this State, last September.

A mute man, whose name is unknown, was crushed to death by the cars between Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus, Ga., some time since.

Our shop is all finished, except the plastering, and the boys may begin work in the cabinet and shoe shops next spring.

DONNIE.

WISCONSIN.

THERE are 143 pupils in attendance—82 boys and 61 girls—and their health is excellent.

The Board of Directors lately voted to discontinue the Christmas holidays, proposing to tack them on to the summer vacation.

The large ice-boat is in daily use, affording much amusement to both pupils and teachers.

Mr. Schilling has been made supremely happy by the arrival of a little daughter. It is our hope that she may flourish, a joy to him and his estimable lady in years to come.

J. C. B.

NEW YORK.

OUR venerable emeritus principal, Harvey Prindle Peet, LL. D., celebrated his seventy-eighth birth-day on the 19th of November. His excellent and amiable wife, as usual, planned a dinner party, consisting of family connection and a few old friends. Our present worthy principal, the oldest and only surviving son of Dr. Peet, was there with his wife and two boys. The only other descendant of Dr. Peet, Theodore Peet, last surviving child of his deceased son Edward, cut off so early in his promised sphere of usefulness, was there from his academical life in Massachusetts. He has now grown to be quite a tall youth of sixteen or seventeen, and, I believe, is looking forward to a college career. There were several other connections

of Dr. Peet, and the son, daughter, and son-in-law of Mrs. H. P. Peet, with their children. Horatio N. Brinsmade, D. D., who was associated with Dr. Peet in the American Asylum, nearly half a century ago, was there, and made a pleasant speech. Mrs. Peet's son-in-law, Mr. C., produced a wonderful music box and a novel kind of toy, looking like candy and motto papers, which were distributed, and when opened furnished each person with a torpedo and a fantastic paper cap, which caused much merriment.

After the bodily appetite of all had been duly sated by several courses and a dessert, Dr. Peet stood up and made a feeling and eloquent speech, referring to his long labors in behalf of the deaf and dumb; to his afflictions, especially in the loss of two sons, who showed such ability as teachers of deaf-mutes; and to his blessings, in his own success, in the prosperity of the Institution under his surviving son, and the domestic felicity of his declining years, with such an excellent lady as the presiding genius of his household.

The old gentleman has enjoyed pretty good health, for his years, until the 2d, when he had a slight attack of faintness and dizziness, but was quite comfortable the next day, and attended to business as usual, though not well enough to leave his house with safety.

In my youth I read with admiration a quotation from Virgil, ending thus: "*Procumbit bumi bos!*" which may be paraphrased thus: Down in the mud sprawled the bos! I wish the *bos* of our Tenth Avenue railroad had been that *bos*. That company has been for a year or more at work with hundreds of men and carts excavating and grading along Tenth Avenue in this vicinity, and the prospect is that the digging up and dumping down may last a year longer. Men have been for weeks blasting rocks within a few feet of the houses; and by some carelessness one of these blasts killed and injured several men. But what I set out to tell was that, some ten days since, your correspondent was returning about 7 p. m. from the city in company with one of his colleagues and one of the high class boys, when Mr. J., who was a little in advance, suddenly pitched forward and disappeared in the bowels of the earth. Warned in time, we cautiously crept forward in the darkness, and were much relieved to find Mr. J. alive, with no bones broken, though somewhat stunned and bruised. The workmen, having long ago torn up the street lamps, had on that Saturday night left a pitfall across the sidewalk, with no light nor other protection! Considering that a youth of twenty-five could stand such a fall much better than an old man in his grand climacteric, the latter considered his escape as quite providential.

Thanksgiving was duly celebrated here, and, I trust, was enjoyed by everybody but the writer, who had a return of chills and fever on that day, and kept it by shivering in his chair, with his feet to the stove; still, he felt very thankful later in the day, when the attack passed away.

One of our pupils died last Sunday, a bright boy of ten, named George F. Eckhard, son of a clergyman, formerly of Utica, N. Y., now of Iowa. The funeral services were held on the 3d, after which the remains were forwarded to his distant friends.

J. R. B.

P. S.—In *The Tribune* of Dec. 2d, is an article on the "head money tax" on emigrants, from which I learn that Massachusetts, hoping to draw the emigration business from New York, has repealed that tax, only requiring from the ship-owners a ten year's bond in \$1,000 each in the case of every passenger who is insane, idiotic, blind, *deaf-mute*, deformed, or maimed, that such passenger shall not become a public charge. This including *deaf-mutes* with the helpless classes above named, argues great ignorance in the law makers. *Deaf-mutes*, as a general rule, are as able to support themselves as those who hear and speak.

THE Hon. Gardiner Hubbard, of the Clarke Institution, was in Washington recently.

FROM *The Baltimore Sun* we learn that on the 16th ult., in the Circuit Court, Judge Pinkney, a divorce was granted to Sarah E. White, a *deaf-mute*, from her husband, David White.

HOWARD GLYNDON, in company with Mr. Bell, of articulation fame, and Mr. Chamberlain, of *The Marblehead Messenger*, were witnesses of the great fire in Boston. We have hopes.

THE Rev. Thos. Gallaudet, D. D., rector of St. Ann's Church for *deaf-mutes*, N. Y., and Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D., principal of the New York Institution, are members of the committee who have charge of the arrangements for the coming world's fair at Vienna, Austria.

FARIBAULT, the location of the Minnesota Institution, takes its name from a gentleman of that name, whose wife is an Indian woman. He is living yet, and his wife, although well contented with the ways of civilized life, still retains some of the tastes of her Indian nature.

THE FORTNIGHT.

HOME.

THE country was startled by the announcement of the death of Horace Greeley on the 29th ult. His funeral took place on the 4th inst.—Congress met on the 2d inst., and President Grant sent his fourth message to both houses.—There are said to be ten secret organizations in the Dominion, whose sole aim is annexation to the United States.—Crime is becoming so rampant in New York, in consequence of laxity in the administration, that the papers are calling for a more stringent execution of the laws against murderers, burglars, and roughs.—Bennington, Vt., is just recovering from a visitation by the measles peddler. There were seven hundred cases of measles at one time, and the schools were closed for two weeks.—Street steam-cars are likely to prove a success in New York.—A stone, as big as a walnut, was found in the heart of an Indiana ox.—All our nickel coin comes from a mine in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, the only mine in America.—The contributions to make good the loss of Harvard College by the Boston fire already exceed \$60,000.—Two celebrated horses, one a noted trotter, died of the horse disease in New York two weeks ago: one of them was valued at \$40,000 and the other at \$20,000.—The commissioners to investigate the outrages on the Rio Grande border estimate the damage by Mexican raids, within a distance of 500 miles, to be \$3,000,000, to say nothing of the murders committed by the Mexicans, and they urge the Government to protect the border by an increase of cavalry.—The Boston coliseum and fixtures were sold at auction, bringing \$12,000.—A New York court has decided the value of a woman's toes to be \$1,000 apiece. Mary Probst sued the South Side railroad for cutting off three of her toes, and the jury gave her \$3,000.—Gen. McDowell has been appointed major-general in place of Gen. Meade, lately deceased.—A Connecticut farmer recently found a five-dollar gold piece in the crop of one of his chickens. He says that for its size it is the most profitable crop ever produced on his farm.—Nine bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the Boston fire, and nineteen are still missing, and supposed to be buried in them.—The autumn of 1872 closed up two weeks ago with cold and boisterous weather, rain, and snow storms prevailing in New England, and terrific gales on the Atlantic coast and the Western lakes.—The Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association propose to raise \$100,000 for the erection of a memorial column and statue in honor of Gen. Meade.—President Grant attended Mr. Greeley's funeral.—Ice formed on the Potomac at Washington two weeks ago, and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal was frozen over.—Horace Greeley's last words were, "It is done."—The fall of snow has been so heavy in Buffalo, N. Y., that roofs were broken down by it.—The horse disease has got as far as Galveston, Texas. As it started in Canada, it is having a long run.—The spread of small-pox in Boston has at last driven the city authorities to the establishment of a new board of health.—The professor of elocution at Brown University is a woman.—According to custom, two convicts in the Massachusetts State prison were pardoned on Thanksgiving Day by the Governor for good behavior, one having served thirteen years on a life sentence for arson, and the other seven of twenty years for burglary.—The Erie canal is damaged fifty thousand dollars yearly by muskrats.—St. Louis has a policeman named Heavens, and Chicago has one named 'Ell.—A Buffalo paper announces that by the recent burning of an ice-house there, 20,000 tons of ice were "reduced to ashes."—Strawberries and figs are ripe in Florida.—The largest Illinois family counts up only 37 children.—Twenty-four square miles have been laid out on the Kansas Pacific railroad for the site of an English city, to be called Victoria.—A dog-team carries the mail daily between Haynesville and Ashland, Ohio. The distance is eight miles, which is accomplished in an hour and three-quarters.—Mr. Greeley's life was insured for \$100,000 for the benefit of *The Tribune* Association.—Within little more than three years New York has lost her three great journalists, Henry J. Raymond, James Gordon Bennett, and Horace Greeley.

CONGRESS.

THE Forty-second Congress began its second session on the 2d inst. In the Senate Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to strike from the United States flags all records of battles with the Southern citizens during the civil war.—A bill was introduced granting a pension of \$2,000 a year to the widow of Gen. Meade.—Mr. Sumner moved the present consideration of his civil-rights' bill, but it was ruled out of order.—A concurrent resolution of the House in regard to the death of Horace Greeley was unanimously adopted.—The President's message was read to the Senate.—The Senate adjourned on the 3d, immediately after assembling. It is understood that Mr. Sumner intended to deliver a eulogy on Greeley, but this early adjournment prevented him.—In the House a number of new members were sworn in.—Gen. Banks offered his resignation as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs on account of a difference of political views between himself and the majority of the House, but the House refused to accept it.—Mr. Dawes offered resolutions of respect to the memory of Horace Greeley, and Mr. Cox made a speech on them, after which they were unanimously adopted.—Speaker Blaine then called Mr. Cox, to the chair in order to offer a resolution for a committee to investigate the charges against him in connection with the Credit Mobilier

matter, and he made a short speech challenging investigation. The resolution was adopted, and a committee was appointed.—On the 3d Mr. Hale introduced a bill amending the tariff so as to admit ship-building materials free of duty.—Bills were also introduced repealing the stamp tax on bank checks and notes, and for the construction of ten war steamships.

POLITICAL.

THE next House of Representatives will stand as follows: The whole number under the new apportionment will be 292 members, of which the Republicans will have 206 and the Democrats 86, giving the former 11 votes above two-thirds.—There is a political muddle in Louisiana, growing out of a contest between Gov. Warmoth and Hon. Mr. Kellogg, who claims to have been elected Governor for the coming year, in regard to the appointment of an election-returning board. Gov. Warmoth issued a proclamation for a meeting of the Legislature. Judge Durell issued an order restraining the Legislature from meeting in session. Gov. Warmoth defied the order, and commanded the Legislature to assemble. Two Legislatures, one recognized by the Governor and the other in the interest of the Kellogg party, held sessions on the 9th inst. In the Kellogg Legislature Gov. Warmoth was impeached and Lieut.-Gov. Pinchbeck was declared Governor.—Alabama has two Legislatures, each of which claims to be the legal body.

FOREIGN

FRANCE continues to be in a state of excitement in consequence of a disagreement between President Thiers and the Assembly.—The Prussian Diet has passed the counties' reform bill.—The official journals of Germany declare that the Government will respect the will of France in the choice of a form of government, and has not the slightest sympathy of partisanship for either Thiers or the Assembly.—Severe gales have occurred on the English coast; many ships have been wrecked and several seaports considerably damaged.—A typhoon at the Philippine Islands, October 12, destroyed three hundred houses.—Ireland is so short of potatoes that they feed the prisoners in the jails with bread instead.—The Mikado of Japan has just reached manhood. The people of Yeddo recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday.—In all the new streets of Paris the buildings at the corners are rounded or the angle cut off, so that the sidewalks are curved, thus facilitating locomotion and avoiding the many accidents caused by turning around sharp angles.—The floods in the north of Italy continue to spread, and some of the larger towns are threatened.—The latest dispatches from England state that a very disastrous gale, accompanied by lightning and rain, prevailed through England, Ireland, and Wales on the 8th inst., causing great destruction of property. Many towns were flooded, and many buildings were unroofed and trees blown down. Forty persons are known to have lost their lives in this gale.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.

[Under this head we will answer short questions asked by our readers.]

VORTIGERN.—We will speak of the matter you bring to our attention in some future number. You have our thanks for the suggestion.

CASSIUS SCOFIELD, Cannon River Falls, Minn., Messrs. F. L. de B. Reid and Thos. Jones are not now at college in Washington. They graduated last summer in the Class of '72. Mr. Reid is in New York city and Mr. Jones in Sullivan, Wisconsin.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Thirty-seven Dollars in Prizes.

WE will give the following articles to the six persons who get the greatest number of new subscribers to THE SILENT WORLD before the 1st of April, 1873:

	Price.
A Beckwith Sewing-machine - - - - -	\$10 00
A compound Microscope - - - - -	9 00
A set of Knives and Forks, rubber handles, -	6 00
Gold Pen and Ebony Holder	4 00
50 Portrait Album, Turkey Morocco	4 00
Niagara Falls Chromo,	4 00

All of these articles will be given without fail, whether one subscriber or a thousand are obtained.

The one who gets the most names will have the first choice, the second the next, and so on.

There are six chances that an energetic person will obtain

one of them; so let all our friends try. It is now easy to get subscribers, for we give the elegant picture, **Happy Hours**, to each one.

If any fail to get one of the prizes his labor will not be lost, for we will give him the usual commission on each subscription. This commission will also be given to those getting prizes, if they get *over twenty-five names*.

To those who intend to try we will furnish specimen copies of the paper and of **Happy Hours** for 50 cents. Send the money and begin immediately.

Address, THE SILENT WORLD, Washington, D. C.

Magic Lanterns.

THE attention of our friends, and of the principals of deaf-mute institutions especially, is called to the advertisement of Mr. McAllister, on our first page. Nothing is the source of greater amusement and instruction to the young than a good magic lantern, and we think it would more than pay for every institution to purchase one of these instruments; and no one will, we think, give greater satisfaction in this line than Mr. McAllister. We believe we were once told by a Philadelphia deaf-mute that Mr. M. is the gentleman who adopted Albert Newsam, the deceased deaf-mute artist of good repute.

The Family Favorite Sewing-machine.

THE Weed Sewing Machine Company, of Hartford, Conn., have lately added a new feature to their popular machine, in the improved thread tension, which is now the most convenient of any machine in the market. Any size or kind of thread may be used successively without in the least changing the machine or the tension. The machine itself is unrivalled for doing the greatest variety of work with the least liability to get out of order.

The Fire in Fulton, N. Y.

[From The Fulton Patriot and Gazette, Nov. 20, 1872.]

YESTERDAY forenoon our village was startled by the cry of fire. (We haven't any alarm, and are obliged to depend upon human lungs for notice in such a case.) The scene of the excitement proved to be H. S. Condee & Son's knitting mill, at the east end of the lower dam. When we first came in sight of the building the flames were pouring out of one of the lower windows, and the smoke rolled up in a dense cloud. The fire department was promptly astir, but in the meantime a more powerful agent than water was brought to bear upon the flames. But a few days before Mr. Condee had purchased three Babcock Fire-Extinguishers, and when the cry of fire sounded through his mill he at once tested them. The fire originated in the picker, and the spark was blown into a small room partly filled with cotton. There the fire was confined, excepting what was smoking its way through the outside window. The Babcock Extinguishers were at once taken to the fire and set in operation, throwing a stream about as large as a pipe stem into this room, which was a perfect mass of fire. Two were used, and in an incredible short time, not to exceed three or five minutes, the flames were extinguished. There was comparatively little damage done by fire, and none by water, as the flames were under control before the steamers could be got to work.

Mr. Condee informs us that at the present time his mill is unusually full of work, both finished and in progress, but fortunately none of it was injured. Too much cannot be said in praise of these Babcock Fire-Extinguishers, and we feel that our village was saved a disastrous fire by their prompt use yesterday.